

THE HAPPY LOVERS,

O R,

Celia won by *Aminta's* Loyalty:
A New SONG in great Request at Court.

To an Excellent New Tune: Or, Why are my Eyes, &c.

This may be Printed; R. P.



V Why are my Eyes still Flow—ing? Why does my heart thus trembling move?
Why do I sigh when goe—ing? To see the Darling Saint I Love:
Ah! she's my Heaven, and in her Eyes, The Dei—ty, There is no Life
Like what she can give, Nor any Death like taking my Leave.

I.

Tell me no more of Glo—ry,
to Courts Ambition i've resign'd,
But tell a long long Sto—ry;
of *Celia's* shape her face and mind:
Speak too of Raptures that will Life destroy;
to En—joy,
Had I a Diadem Scepter and Ball,
For that dear minute i'de part with them all.

II.

Why am I not injoy—ing
my self, delighting in thy Arms?
My painful Love destroy—ing,
with killing pleasures from thy Charms:
Come, come dear *Celia*, now let Storms be gone,
and o—ver-blown;
There's no delight like thy transporting Love,
No joy below, what e're there's above.

IV.

Why does my heart thus grieve—me,
as I lye panting on my Bed?
Why does my hopes deceive—me,
when cruel Fates pronounce me dead?
Speak, speak dear Saint, and by those conq'ring eyes
that—surprize;
Give, give me favour in thy sight again,
Or kill me quite to ease my pain.

V.

Her ANSWER.

How can I seek to co—ver
a flaming heart o'whelm'd with grief?
See, see a Constant Lo—ver,
thus fainting, plead for some Relief!
No, no, *Aminta*, cease now to implore,
sigh—no more:
Had I ten thousand hearts in my Breast,
I'de part with all to give my Love rest.

VI.

Why does *Aminta* sigh—ing,
think I will Cozily Love deface?
But can there be deny—ing,
to such a Person, such a Grace?
Ah! such becoming Boldness too is found,
to—be Crown'd,
That no fair Nymph that lives upon the Plain,
Can have a heart to give my Dear pain.

VII.

Amint.] Who can express the joy—ing,
that my poor heart doth leaping find?
Fly hence all heart-anjoy—ing,
and fatal grief, for *Celia's* kind:
Come then dear *Celia*, let us now injoy,
Cal.] Ay, dear—est Ay:
While we have Breath let Mortals wonder this,
Envy they may, but not spoyle our Bliss.